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grimly, but placidly scowling at each other, like men who were prepared for the onset.

"At length, Kelly made an attempt to repeat his former feint with variations; for, whereas he had sent the first blow to Grimes's right temple, he took measures now to reach the left: his action was rapid, but equally quick was the eye of his antagonist, whose cudgel was up in ready guard to meet the blow—it met it; and with such surprising power was it sent and opposed, that both cudgels, on meeting, bent across each other into curves. An involuntary huzza followed this from their respective parties—not so much on account of the skill displayed by the combatants, as in admiration of their cudgels, and of the judgment with which they must have been selected; in fact, it was the staves, rather than the men, that were praised; and certainly the former did their duty. In a moment their shillelachs were across each other once more, and the men resumed their former attitudes; their savage determination, their kindled eyes, the blood which disfigured the face of Grimes, and begrimed also the countenance of his antagonist, into a deeper expression of ferocity, occasioned many a cowardly heart to shrink from the sight. There they stood, gory and stern, ready for the next onset; it was made first by Grimes, who tried to practise on Kelly the feint which Kelly had before practised on him. Denis, after his usual manner, caught the blow in his open hand, and clutched the staff, with an intention of holding it until he might visit Grimes—now apparently unguarded—with a levelling blow; but Grimes's effort to wrest the cudgel from his grasp, drew all Kelly's strength to that quarter, and prevented him from availing himself of the other's defenceless attitude. A trial of muscular power now ensued, and their enormous bodily strength was exhibited in the stiff tug for victory. Kelly's address now prevailed; for while Grimes pulled against him with all his collected vigour, the former suddenly let go his hold, and the latter having lost his balance, staggered back: lightning could not be more quick than the action of Kelly, as, with tremendous force, his cudgel rung on the unprotected head of Grimes, who fell, or rather was shot to the ground, as if some superior power had dashed him against it; and there he lay for a short time, quivering under the blow he had received.

"A peal of triumph now arose from Kelly's party; but Kelly himself, placing his arms a-kimbo, stood calmly over his enemy, awaiting his return to the conflict. For nearly five minutes he stood in this attitude, during which time Grimes did not stir; at length, Kelly stooped a little, and peering closely at him, exclaimed—'Why, then, is it acting you are? any how, I wouldn't put it past you, you cunning vagabone; 'tis lying to take breath he is—get up, man; I'd scorn to touch you till you're on yer legs; not all as one, for sure it's yourself would show me no such forbearance—up with you, man alive, I've none of your own thrachery in me. I'll not rise my cudgel till you're on your guard.'

"There was an expression of disdain mingled with a glow of honest, manly generosity, on his countenance, as he spoke, which made him at once the favourite with such spectators as were not connected with either of the parties. Grimes rose, and it was evident that Kelly's generosity had deepened his resentment more than the blow which had sent him so rapidly

to the ground; however, he was still cool, but his brows knit, his eyes flashed with double fierceness, and his complexion settled into a dark blue shade, which gave to his whole visage an expression fearfully ferocious. Kelly hailed this as the first appearance of passion; his brow expanded as the other approached, and a dash of confidence, if not of triumph, softened, in some degree, the sternness of his features.

"With caution they encounter again, each collected for a spring, their eyes gleaming at each other like tigers. Grimes made a motion as if he would have struck Kelly with his fist; and, as the latter threw up his guard against the blow, he received a stroke from Grimes's cudgel in the under part of the right arm—this had been directed at his elbow, with an intention of rendering the arm powerless; it fell short, however, yet was sufficient to relax the grasp which Kelly held of his weapon. Had Kelly been a novice, Grimes's stratagem alone would have soon vanquished him: his address, however, was fully equal to that of his antagonist. The staff dropped instantly from his grasp, but a stout thong of black polished leather, with a shining tassel at the end of it, had bound it securely to his massive wrist; the cudgel, therefore, only dangled from his arm, and did not, as the other expected, fall to the ground, or put Denis to the necessity of stooping for it—Grimes's object being to have struck him in that attitude.

"A flash of indignation now shot from Kelly's eye, and with the speed of lightning, he sprang within Grimes's weapon, determined to wrest it from him. The grapple that ensued was gigantic. In a moment Grimes's staff was parallel with the horizon between them, clutched in the powerful grasp of both. They stood exactly opposite, and rather close to each other; their arms sometimes stretched out stiff and at full length, again contracted, until their faces, glowing and distorted by the energy of the contest, were drawn almost together.—Sometimes, the prevailing strength of one would raise the staff slowly, and with gradually developed power up in a perpendicular position; again the re-action of opposing strength would strain it back, and sway the weighty frame of the antagonist, crouched and set into desperate resistance, along with it, whilst the hard pebbles under their feet were crumbled into powder, and the very street itself furrowed into gravel by the shock of their opposing strength. Indeed, so well matched a pair never met in contest; their strength, their wind, their activity, and their natural science appeared to be perfectly equal. At length, by a tremendous effort, Kelly got the staff twisted nearly out of Grimes's hand, and a short shout, half encouragement, half indignation, came from Grimes's party: this, added shame to his other passions, and threw an impulse of almost superhuman strength into him: he recovered his advantage, but nothing more; they twisted—they heaved their great frames against each other—they struggled—their action became rapid—they swayed each other, this way and that—their eyes like fire—their teeth locked, and their nostrils dilated. Sometimes they twined about each other like serpents, and twirled round with such rapidity, that it was impossible to distinguish them—sometimes, when a pull of more than ordinary power took place, they seemed to cling together almost without motion, bending down until their heads nearly touched the ground, their cracking joints seeming to

stretch by the effort, and the muscles of their limbs standing out from the flesh, strung into amazing tension.

"In this attitude were they, when Denis, with the eye of a hawk, spied a disadvantage in Grimes's position; he wheeled round, placed his broad shoulder against the shaggy breast of the other, and, giving him what is called 'an inside crook,' strained him, despite of every effort, until he fairly got him on his shoulder, and off the point of resistance.—There was a cry of alarm from the windows, particularly from the females, as Grimes's body was swung over Kelly's shoulder, until it came down in a crash upon the hard gravel of the street, whilst Denis stood in triumph, with his enemy's staff in his hand. A loud huzza followed this from all present except the Orangemen, who stood bristling with fury and shame for the temporary defeat of their champion.

"Denis again had his enemy at his mercy; but he scorned to use his advantage ungenerously; he went over, and placing the staff in his hands—for the other had got to his legs—retrograded to his place, and desired Grimes to defend himself.

"After considerable manœuvring on both sides, Denis, who now appeared to be the more active of the two combatants, got an open at his antagonist, and, by a powerful blow upon Grimes's ear, sent him to the ground with amazing force. I never saw such a blow given by mortal; the end of the cudgel came exactly upon the ear, and as Grimes went down, the blood spurted out of his mouth and nostrils; he then kicked convulsively several times as he lay upon the ground, and that moment I really thought he would have never breathed more. The shout was again raised by the Ribbonmen, who threw up their hats, and bounded from the ground with the most vehement exultation. Both parties then waited to give Grimes time to rise and renew the battle; but he seemed perfectly contented to remain where he was; for there appeared no signs of life or motion in him. 'Have you got your gruel, boy?' said Kelly, going over to where he lay;—'Well, you met Denis Kelly, at last, didn't you? and there you lie; but, please God, the most of your sort will soon lie in the same state.'

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Sacred Harp.—Leckie, Dublin.

THIS is a new and much enlarged edition of a nice little volume of poetry, on sacred themes; the selection, made from the works of the most approved English authors, reflects great credit upon the compiler; and although many of the pieces are well known to the world, there are also others of no inferior merit, which have not, so far as we know, been so favourably presented to notice before. The whole volume is exclusively Irish in all its mechanical details, even to the engraved head of bishop Heber, which ornaments the title; and we feel happy in recommending it as a very pretty and appropriate present for the season.

The Devil's Walk.—By Professor Porson.—Marsh and Miller, 24mo.

THE real authorship of the *Devil's Walk*, is still a moot point, and scarcely worth disputing. This edition is illustrated with comical caricature wood-cuts, by R. Cruikshank. The likenesses of the rat-catching minister, and the viper-killing lawyer, are excellent.